Simple Disaster

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Simple Disaster

by KagomeBenihime

Summary

Nigel learns that a chemist he had partnered with was moving behind his back, kidnapping people and using them as guinea pigs. Nigel goes to put a stop to it. But finds something he definitely didn't expect.

Notes

Story commission from the ever amazing Ashna~
Wanting a sister fic to my Mail Disaster story.

Hope you all enjoy it! Give the other one a read too!

Nigel snarled softly as he stalked down the hallway. He did not have time for this!

He had been working with a local chemist to fashion a new drug to sell called “Heat” that could send Omegas into heat or Alphas into rut.

But his assistant, the coke bottle glasses wearing pipsqueak hurrying behind him, had informed him that the chemist had been using Nigel's funds and his men to kidnap omegas to use as guinea pigs.

“S-sir-” the assistant, *‘the fuck was his name again? David? Brian?’* “We shouldn't be rash, the drug is on schedule, we should-” He cut off with a squeak when Nigel stopped short and the tiny man bounced off his broad back.

“I told him,” Nigel said softly, making the assistant flinch.

‘Guess he's got some brains after all…’

“No unwilling participants. Now he's kidnapping people? I'm gonna kill him.” Nigel started walking again, moving towards the lab, *‘Even let them work in my home!’*

Nigel had a large home on the outside of town, large enough to house all of his crew as well as being defensible, there were labs and armory and several other things there so Nigel had let the chemist use his equipment… stupid…

As Nigel got to the floor the lab was on, he heard crashing, screaming… Nigel moved closer, seeing crimson splatter across the frosted glass of the door.

As Nigel reached for the doorknob, the last weak plea for mercy stilled with a gurgle and the thud of the body collapsing to the floor.

Nigel opened the door and froze in shock.

The chemist, as well as the members of Nigel's crew that had been named as the kidnappers, lay dead on the floor. Blood was everywhere, the walls, floor, even some on the ceiling.

In the middle of the room, stood a single omega, Nigel could smell the feral heat scent rolling off the man in waves. The man was naked, other than a pair of briefs that were likely white to begin with… now they were dark red.

Blood dripped from the man's hands, from his chin, from his mouth… his eyes were a blazing gray blue fire as they glared down at the bodies around him.

Nigel felt a smirk spreading across his face, *‘Oh… this could be fun…’*

“S-sir?” The assistant squeaked.

The omegas head snapped towards the door, snarling sharply.

“Lock the floor down.” Nigel commanded, eyes never leaving the omega, “send food through the delivery shoots. Give it a week or so before attempting contact.” He waited till he heard the man hurrying away, then he stepped in and closed the door behind him.

The omega was on him in an instant, snarling and clawing, ripping Nigel's shirt apart as Nigel returned the snarl.

Nigel lifted the omega easily and ripped the briefs away before dropping the omega on the only clean metal table left, snarling himself as the omegas clawing carved red lines across his shoulders and arms.

“Enough.” Nigel snarled, burying three fingers deep into the omegas slick, hot opening.

The omega stilled with a sharp whine, shuddering under Nigel as they both tried to catch their breath.

After a moment, the omega was snarling again, clawing at Nigel’s back as he fucked himself on Nigel's fingers desperately.

Nigel pulled his fingers away with a smirk, the omega snarled angrily before lunging up and biting Nigel.

Nigel was shocked for a moment, but then his instincts kicked in and he felt his own teeth sinking into the omegas neck, bonding them for life.

The omega ripped at Nigel's pants and boxers, trying to get at what they needed.

Nigel ripped all the remaining fabric away and pounced on the omega, knocking them both to the bloody floor as they both fought for control, snarling and snapping as they clawed at each other with desperate need.

Finally, Nigel pinned the omega face down on the floor and slammed into him.

The omega howled in desperation, trying to get out of Nigel's grip and set the pace himself, needing relief!

Nigel bent, taking the omegas neck in his teeth to hold him still as he began thrusting roughly.

The omega keened sharply, arching and twisting to get the best sensation and the best feeling from the alpha above him as he was slammed repeatedly onto the cold tile floor still slick with the inferior alphas blood.

Nigel lost track of time, all he could think of was fucking this omega raw again, and again, hearing those delicious keens when his knot locked in place, seeing the omega tremble as he tried to keep moving, keep fucking, even with the knot there.

Sometimes, Nigel would take the lead, fucking into the omega like there was no tomorrow, and sometimes the omega got the upper hand, riding Nigel so hard that they both saw stars.

Eventually, Nigel woke up, covered in dried, flaking blood, tired and sore. Grumbling curses, he searched around until he found his watch and checked the date, *'Five days… fuck…'*

He scrounge around until he found a lab coat that had been hanging up and was… relatively devoid of blood.

Then he heard groaning behind him, he looked back and saw the omega, slowly sitting up and holding his head.

"Morning." Nigel said blandly, holding out the lad coat, "Here, wouldn't want ya to get cold."

The omega took the coat slowly, looking around in confusion, "The fuck am I? What happened? Ugh, and why is my ass on fire?"

Nigel sighed, '*Oh boy…*' "What's the last thing you remember?"

The omega frowned, "Getting off work Friday night and a guy I'd arrested a while back jumped me, not quite sure after that…"

Nigel pulled some food out of the delivery shoot, bringing it and a bottle of water over to the omega. "What's your name, Gorgeous?"

The omega blinked, obviously not used to such words directed at him "um… B-Bobby… Bobby Bronson…"

Nigel grinned, he had heard that name… the alcoholic detective… "Nice to meet you, Bobby Bronson. I'm Nigel."

Bobby's eyes widened, realizing that he was sitting, naked, next to the biggest drug lord in the country. His eyes traveled to the healing bite on Nigel's neck, a hand quickly finding its twin on his own neck.

"Oh shit…" he whispered softly, "Shitshitshitshit!"

Nigel watched him quietly, drinking some water as he did.

After Bobby seemed to calm down some, Nigel spoke, "So… I should apologize… Someone working for me decided he needed to kidnap people to test a new drug… I came to stop him, but…" He looked around at the bodies, "You'd already done most of the work. When I tried to help calm you down, it… got a bit hectic…"

Bobby took a deep breath and nodded, "Yeah… I… my heats are always… but I shouldn't have been-" his head snapped up, "Wait, *that's* the drug?!"

Nigel sighed softly, "It's supposed to just give the sensations of heat, or rut… but it's still experimental and… causes an actual heat to happen…" Nigel scratched at his neck slightly in embarrassment. "I'm… sorry you got dragged into this…"

“Don't be.” Bobby said.

Nigel blinked at the bluntness of it. “O…k?”

Bobby grinned, “Hey, I needed the time off, honestly, besides… I usually have to go to a clinic to be sedated through my heats…” he blushed slightly and looked away, “it was nice to get with someone that could… handle my crazy…”

Nigel grinned, “Oh, we are going to have fun Darling…” he leaned in and kissed the blushing detectives temple, “want another round?”

Bobby grinned, “Thought you'd never ask.”

Epilog.

Nigel heard the phone buzz as he was fucking his mate, he picked it up curiously, the caller ID was a dog imoji ‘Use names you dummy…’ He hit answer, still fucking Bobby roughly.

“Hello?”

A long pause, then, “Who's speaking? Where's my brother?”

Nigel chuckled softly, “One sec,” he tugged at Bobby's hair to get his attention, “Hey, Bunny, it's your brother.”

Bobby jumped, reaching for the phone frantically. "Damn it Nigel! Don't just answer my phone during sex! What if it was my boss!"

"That old crusty dusty could use the excitement." Nigel said, smirking slightly at the thought of that stone age boss hearing sex.

“Hello?" Bobby asked breathlessly, "Will!" Bobby cried with a grin, "You got my package?"

Not one to be ignored, Nigel spun Bobby to lay on his back, aiming directly for his prostate with the next hard thrust.

"Ah fuck- Nigel, do that again!" Bobby gasped.

Nigel did and Bobby moaned loudly, seeming to be trying to focus partly on the call, "Oh yeah… um, j-just try it Will, it'll do wonders, promise!"

Nigel bit at Bobby's neck, earning another moan as he growled, "Gotta go Will, good luck! God Nigel-! Breed me!"

The phone hit the floor with a soft thunk as Nigel picked up the pace.

“Should I be worried?” Nigel purred in Bobby's ear before licking the shell of it.

Bobby hummed softly, “Nah, I sent some of the product to my younger brother… he's needed a good lay in ages, thought he could use it.”

Nigel laughed, pressing closer to Bobby again, “Sounds like a fun time, wonder how it'll go.”

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